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and the most exquisite poetical feeling, a quality in which he stands pre-eminent among his most distinguished contemporaries. A sight of this little plate affects the mind like a strain of the most delicious music. The fourth plate, "Glasgow Cathedral," is not quite worthy of the work, nor is the artist, Mr. Westall, a fit compeer of the great artists with whose names his is at present associated. His views have accuracy, and are even laboriously careful, but they are in manner jejune and petit—treated with very little skill, and display no mental vigour or poetical feeling. In their proper place they might do very well—but that place is not, certainly, in juxtaposition with the works of Fielding, Dewint and Barret.

We have now to notice Mr. Petrie's Views, a little work which may well excite surprise for its novelty and singularity—an *Irish* publication in the fine arts, fit to take its place among the best productions of Great Britain of its time. The spirit of enterprise from which this publication has emanated, is most highly meritorious, and it would be disgraceful to us indeed, if it did not meet with that support which it so well deserves, and which would call into existence future works of a similar character, works useful alike in making our beautiful country known, and in raising our character as an intellectual people. Such a publication might well disarm rigid criticism in an Irish censor, but these views require no such forbearance, and as our personal regard for the artist is known to most of our readers, we shall do no more than call their attention to its existence, being fully persuaded that it only requires to be known, to insure for it their warm approbation and encouragement. The subjects are Drogheda, Narrow-water castle, Rostrevor, Belfast, the long bridge Cave hill and Belfast, Giant's Causeway, Carric-arrede, Dunluce castle, Londonderry, and Lough Gill.

They are all treated with that delicate purity of taste, skillful management of light and shadow, and variety of effect, which uniformly distinguish the productions of this admirable artist's pencil, and the *burin* of the engraver (Miller of Edinburgh,) has done ample justice to the picturesque beauty of the designs. The work is brought out in every respect with a degree of elegance never hitherto attempted in this country, and which does great honour to its spirited publishers.

THE DRAMA.

The anxiety to witness a 'present proof' of Miss Fanny Kemble's dramatic powers, of which fame had long spoken so highly, has lately attracted unusually crowded audiences to our theatre.—Indeed there has existed, for a long time, in Dublin, a strong feeling of attachment (arising, no doubt, from deserved admiration,) for the Kemble family, and this was strongly evinced on the evening when the young lady of whom we speak was announced to the Irish public for her first appearance.

On the fall of the curtain on the Saturday preceding Miss Kemble's *début*, when the play for the succeeding Monday was about to be announced, one of the performers came forward.—The usual buz attending the fall of the curtain had arisen in the house, and the eyes of the audience

Were idly bent on him who entered next,

deeming his entrance a mere matter of course; but the printed notices of the theatre had already told the public that Miss Kemble was engaged, and the effect that this consciousness on the part of the audience produced as the actor proceeded was quite dramatic. Shall we attempt to give

the scene?—"Ladies and gentlemen"—buz—"on Monday evening will be performed"—buz—"the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet"—the words "Romeo and Juliet" acted like a spell; the association between Juliet and Miss Kemble at once was felt, and the house became profoundly silent in an instant.—"The part of Juliet by Miss Fanny Kemble."—and a deafening thunder of applause followed the announcement—we never recollect such a circumstance before, and we were pleased to find such a willingness to welcome the young aspirant, and to concede, at once, on trust, all the honors that we were told she was worthy of—it was, if we may be allowed the image, doing homage to the illustrious tragic race from whence she is descended, and in the truest spirit of legitimacy, swearing allegiance, as it were, to the lineal successor to the throne of the Kembles.

We mean not now to criticise Miss Kemble's performance of each particular character in which she has appeared; we defer such notice until we shall have seen her round of characters. For the present, therefore, we shall content ourselves with general observations. Miss Kemble possesses a clear voice, which enables her to give every word she utters with perfect distinctness to her auditors—indeed it appears to us, that from an 'over-anxiety' to achieve this, there is an occasional mannerism, we might almost say affectation, in the pronunciation of some words. For instance, to the second vowel she very frequently imparts the sound of the first;—this, very probably, may arise from a desire to escape the sharp sound of the vowel *e*;—but we must confess the substitution is sometimes, to our ears at least, displeasing:—for example, in Juliet, she exclaims, "Talk'st thou of patience to a *wretch* like me." This is a trifling defect, however, which time and experience will, we have no doubt, correct. She sometimes delights us with touches of nature, when she allows herself to be carried away by the character she personates, and *forgets* that she is *acting*. In the garden scene in Juliet, this was the case; and the passage,

"By whose direction found'st thou out this place?"

was beautifully given:—In her scene with the nurse, too, her pettishness when kept in suspense by her foster-mother, is excellent; but "ever and anon" she relapses into the actress, settles her hair, and breaks the illusion—but in one as yet a novice in the art, this is only to be expected, and ought not to detract from her many great perfections. Her action is faultless; she has a lively sense of beautiful forms, and with felicitous pliancy moulds herself into admirable attitudes: she certainly is a most graceful creature. Every body, by this time, knows that Miss Kemble is not beautiful;—indeed, but for her eyes and brow, the face would be common-place, but those eyes would absolutely redeem deformity—*such* eyes—capable of revealing every emotion of the soul—whether indignation flashes from their terrible brightness, or love looks out from their lengthy lashes, surprising us with unexpected light, or modesty veils them beneath the downcast lid that is so beautifully fringed. But we must conclude for the present; yet, in the midst of our haste it would be worse than injustice not to notice the Mercutio of Mr. Charles Kemble;—never was there a more beautifully perfect piece of acting:—we have seen many a Mercutio, but never one, except his, that seemed to be what Shakspeare imagined. Something, to be sure, he is declined into the vale of years, "but that's not much." Kean has taken his farewell of the English stage. We have changed our plan of trusting to a reporter for our theatrical critiques, and hope to render them in future less unworthy the general character of our miscellany.